Me thinks thy voyce is altered, and thou ſpeakeſt
With better phraſe and matter then thou didſt.
Edg. Y'ar much deceaued, in nothing am I chang'd
But in my garments.
Gloſt. Me thinks y'ar better ſpoken. (feareful
Edg. Come on ſir, her's the place, ſtand ſtill, how
And dizi tis to caſt ones eyes ſo low
The crowes and choghes that wing the midway ayre
Shew ſcarce ſo groſſe as beetles, halfe way downe
Hangs one that gathers ſampire, dreadfull trade,
Me thinkes he ſeemes no bigger then his head,
The fiſhermen that walke vpon the beach
Appeare like miſe, and yon tall anchoring barke
Diminiſht to her cock, her cock a boui
Almoſt too ſmall for ſight, the murmuring ſurge
That on the vnnumbred idle peeble chaffes
Cannot be heard, its ſo hie ile looke no more,
Leaſt my braine turne, and the deficient ſight
Topple downe headlong.
Gloſt. Set me where you ſtand?
Edg. Giue me your hand, you are now within a foot
Of th'extreame verge, for all beneath the Moone
Would I not leape vpright.
Gloſt. Let goe my hand,
Here friend's another purſſe, in it a iewell,
Well worth a poore mans taking, Fairies and Gods
Proſper it with thee, goe thou farther off,
Bid me farewell, and let me heare thee going.
Edg. Now fare you well good ſir.
Gloſt. VVith all my heart. (to cure it.
Edg. Why I do trifell thus with his diſpaire is done
Gloſt. O you mightie Gods, *He kneeles.*
This world I doe renounce, and in your ſights
Shake patiently my great affliction off,
If I could beare it longer and not fall
To quarel with your great oppoſles wils
My ſnurff and loathed part of nature ſhould
Burne it ſelfe out, if *Edgar* liue, O bleſſe,

Now

Now fellow fare thee well.
Edg. Gon ſir, farewell, and ye
robbe the treaſurie of life, when
had he beene where he thought
aliue or dead, ho you ſir, heare yo
indeed, yet he reuiues, what are y
Gloſt. Away and let me die.
Edg. Hadſt thou beene ought
So many fadome downe precipit
Thou hadſt ſhiuerd like an egge
Haſt heauy ſubſtance, bleedſt not
Ten maſts at each, make not the a
VVhich thou haſt perpendicular
Thy lifes a miracle, ſpeake yet ag
Gloſt. But haue I fallen or no
Edg. From the dread ſommons
Looke vp a hight, the ſhrill gorg
Cannot bee ſeene or heard, doe b
Gloſt. Alack I haue no eyes
Is wretchednes depriu'd, that ben
To end it ſelfe by death twas yet
When miſery could beguile the t
And fruſtrate his proud will.
Edg. Giue me your arme?
Vp, ſo, how feele you your legges
Gloſt. Too well, too well.
Edg. This is aboue all ſtrange
Vpon the crowne of the cliffe wh
Which parted from you.
Gloſt. A poore vnfortunate ba
Edg. As I ſtood here below m
VVere two full Moones, a had a t
Hornes, welk't and waued like th
It was ſome fiend, therefore thou
Thinke that the cleereſt Gods, wh
Of mens impoſſibilities, haue pre
Gloſt. I doe remember now, he
Affliction till it doe crie out it ſel

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King Lear* (STC 22292) LONDON, 1608 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.18)